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HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York.

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

OR

THE POOR GIRL'S DIARY

A COMIC DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

BY

THOMAS AND J. M. MORTON

NEW AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTLY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORIZED ACTING EDITION, WITH THE ORIGINAL CASTS OF THE CHARACTERS, SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAMS OF THE STAGE SETTINGS, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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aggrieved by treatment she has suffered from the other mill-hands, demands her wages and resigns her position, but is persuaded to remain another day on learning who the bride is, it appearing that she knew LADY VALERIA intimately some years before. JASPER then learns, to his mortification and disgust, of STEPHEN'S attachment for MARTHA; after first refusing his consent to their union which would frustrate his plans for STEPHEN'S social advancement, he finally agrees to it on condition that MARTHA'S conduct shall prove irreproachable for the next three months, MARTHA being received into his house during that time. This is immediately followed by the arrival of the bridal party and LADY LEATHERBRIDGE, VALERIA'S aunt and chaperone, and an affecting recognition between the two young women, in the course of which MARTHA marks VALERIA'S extreme agitation at the entrance of SIR ARTHUR LASSELL, a friend of the bridegroom, shortly before their departure for the church.

LASSELL, a fashionable man, with an assured position in society, is an old lover of LADY VALERIA'S, and now, after her marriage, plots against her happiness and good name; with this end in view, he manages to get rid of her husband by securing for him a foreign mission, which is immediately accepted on account of its social importance, and FREDERICK departs for St. Petersburg fifteen days after his marriage, leaving his newly made wife behind. LASSELL'S design is discovered by MARTHA, who, from motives of affection and gratitude, determines to defeat it, even at the risk of her own happiness. In the course of a ball at JASPER PLUM'S house, three months after the wedding, LASSELL contrives to get LADY VALERIA into an equivocal position from which she is rescued by MARTHA. But his intended victim is convinced of the scoundrel's heartless duplicity only at the cost, apparently, of hopelessly compromising MARTHA GIBBS, to the unbounded delight of LADY LEATHERBRIDGE, who is jealous of MARTHA, and the open satisfaction of JASPER PLUM, who opposes her marriage to STEPHEN. Just at the point when the prospect seems darkest, in spite of TOBY'S comicalities, LADY VALERIA generously explains all to save the girl who saved her. LASSELL is dismissed in contempt, and the poor factory girl becomes the honored wife of the man who had trusted her throughout.

COSTUMES.

SIR ARTHUR LASSELL.—Black dress coat, light trousers and vest. *Second dress*: Ball costume.

JASPER PLUM.—Black coat, black breeches, white vest, black silk stockings. *Second dress*: Blue coat with steel buttons, black silk breeches, brown vest, black silk stockings.

STEPHEN PLUM.—Dark jacket and vest, corduroy trousers, white German hat, lace up boots, nailed. *Second dress*: Light blue coat, white vest and trousers, white hat. *Third dress*: Black coat, white vest, black trousers, silk stockings, and pumps.

FREDERICK.—Black coat, light trousers, white vest. *Second dress*: Black suit, travelling cloak.

TOBY TWINKLE.—Blue vest, moleskin trousers, apron and sleeves (brown Holland), paper cap. *Second dress*: Brown coat and vest, large

checkered trousers, very light and short, white stockings, and pumps. *Third dress* : Handsome white livery coat, trousers and vest as before.

HARRIS.—Dark coat and trousers, paper hat, and an apron.

WORKMEN.—Similar dresses to HARRIS, some in shirt sleeves. *Second dresses* : Clean modern holiday suits.

TWO SERVANTS.—Handsome white liveries, red plush breeches.

GUESTS.—Black coats and trousers, white waistcoats, etc.

LADY LEATHERBRIDGE.—Light-blue dress, bonnet and feathers. *Second dress* : Pink silk dress, yellow head-dress.

LADY VALERIA.—White dress, bonnet, etc. *Second dress* : Figured pink ball-room dress.

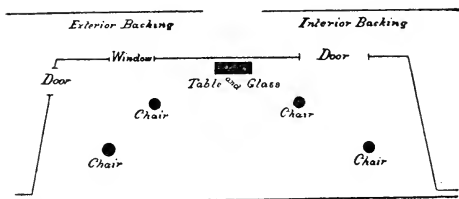
MARTHA.—Slate-colored dress. *Second dress* : White evening dress.

WORKWOMEN.—Various dresses, chintz, etc., with colored handkerchiefs on their heads.

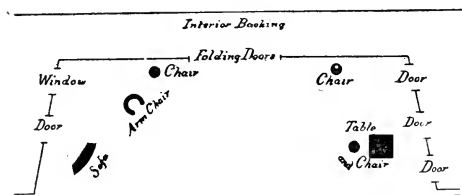
LADIES.—Ball dresses.

STAGE SETTINGS.

ACT I.



ACT II.



SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.—Hall set in 3 G., Backings in 4. G., showing exterior of Factory R., and interior of same L. Door R. U. E. Wide Door L., in flat. Window R., in flat.

ACT II.—Fancy chamber set in 3 G. Interior backing in 4 G. Large folding doors C. in flat. Casement window R. 3 E. Doors L. 1 E., L. 2 E. L. 3 E. and R. 2 E.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Bits of cotton for STEPHEN to have sticking to his clothes. Table and cheval glass C., against flat. Four chairs. Bells off stage, R. Pack of cards for TOBY. Silver watch for STEPHEN. Wedding favors for WORKPEOPLE. Eyeglasses for SIR ARTHUR and LADY LEATHERBRIDGE.

ACT II.—Sofa down R. Easy chair R. C. Table, with book and writing materials on it, and arm chair down L. Chairs up R. and L. Tray, with ices, cake, etc., for TOBY. Nosegay for MARTHA. Letter for JOSEPH. Bouquet for VALERIA. Bells outside. Book for STEPHEN. Account book for MARTHA. Fan for LADY LEATHERBRIDGE.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The player is supposed to face the audience. R., means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or scene running across the back of the stage; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves. UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.





ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

ACT I.

Scene—*Hall in JASPER PLUM'S House at Bristol; wide entrance door, L., in flat, showing a portion of the interior of the Factory; large window, R., in flat, showing exterior of Factory, &c.; entrance, R. U. E., leading to JASPER'S Apartments; table at back and cheval glass; four chairs.*

JASPER PLUM, HARRIS, and SERVANTS *discovered.*

Jas. Well, Harris, are you nearly ready? Is everything in a state of suitable splendor?

Har. E'es, Maister Plum.

Jas. Harris, if you could contrive to drop "E'es, Maister Plum," and pick up "Yes, Mister Plum," you would very much oblige Mr. Plum.

Har. E'es, Maister Plum.

Jas. Thank you, Harris. Now begone all of you, and mind you receive Lady Leatherbridge with all the elegant ceremonial I've been trying to instill into your thick Somersetshire heads for the last seven weeks—Silence, above all things.

All. E'es, Maister Plum.

(*Exeunt SERVANTS and HARRIS, R.
U. E., WORK-PEOPLE, L. E., in flat*)

Jas. At length the great, the happy day is arrived; this very morning my boy Frederick William becomes the husband of the Lady Valeria Westendleigh, the real daughter of a real Earl! without a penny, to be sure, but with the reversion of a title to her children, so that I, Jasper Plum, the head of the house of Plum, am probably destined to be the grandfather of a peer of the realm! What a glorious wind-up to forty years' cotton spinning!—past ten

I declare, and Frederick William not returned ! and that precious brother of his, Stephen, the eldest born of the house of Plum—I'll be bound the idle dog's hard at work still.

Stephen. (*without L.*) That'll do, lads—that'll do !

Jas. Here he comes.

Enter STEPHEN, L. E., *flat, in his working dress, patches of raw cotton sticking to his clothes, hair, &c. ; he turns R., and speaks off.*

Ste. No more work to-day—a holiday and a crown a head to drink happiness to the bride and bridegroom—health to Jasper Plum, and long life to the cotton mill.

(WORKMEN shout " Hurrah ! " behind)

Jas. Now, there's a nice looking young man for a wedding party !

Ste. (L.) Ah, dad—how are you, dad ?

Jas. (R.) Not dressed yet ? what are you thinking of, you idle dog ?

Ste. Idle ! excuse me, dad, I was at work afore daylight.

Jas. Work ! daylight ! what have you to do with daylight such a day as this ? Don't you know that Lady Leatherbridge, and her niece, Lady Valeria, will be here presently ? Go to that glass, sir, gaze upon that coat, waistcoat and trousers, including boots and sparrow bills, and then tell me, is that figure Stephen Plum : or a common cotton spinner out of the hundreds in his employ ?

Ste. Well, and what's Stephen Plum, after all's said and done but a common spinner, too ? a common spinner grewed rich, like his father before him ? Wasn't his father, bless the old face of him, wasn't *he* a common spinner, too ?—no, he wasn't, Jasper Plum was *no* common spinner—he was one in a thousand, he was ! Lord, Lord, didn't he use to make the bobbins fly, and didn't he card and comb till his face was as shiny red as a bran new penny bit ! (*sighing*) Ah ! dad, you was something like a man then, you was !

Jas. (*smiling conceitedly*) Well, I believe I was rather a good hand—but those mechanical times are gone—we are now gentlemen !

Ste. Speak for yourself, dad—I'm no gentleman. I was, and am, and always shall be, a cotton spinner—now, don't be unreasonable, dad ! haven't you made brother Freddy a gentleman ? Surely, *one* gentleman in a family's quite enough.

Jas. Yes, Frederick William's a pretty fellow—a very pretty fellow.

Ste. Freddy's been wound on a different bobbin to me—Freddy's been to Oxford College, and larnt no end of larning—and Freddy's been to Lunnon, and seen no end of Lunnon life.

Jas. And if you hadn't preferred living like a bear, you might

have accompanied him, and seen how all the mothers, who had daughters to marry, tried to get him to marry their daughters; even the head of the illustrious house of Leatherbridge graciously condescended to accept his proposals for her niece, Lady Valeria Westendleigh; the whole affair was moved, debated, and carried in a week; only it was arranged that the wedding should take place here at Bristol during the family's visit to Clifton, to avoid what we call *éclat*! *Eclat* sir! (*dignified*)

Ste. Well, I don't wonder at Freddy; Freddy's a handsome chap, and a thorough good fellow; and Jasper Plum's the warmest man in our parts, and can put 100,000 yellow boys into Freddy's breeches pocket.

Jas. Yellow boys! breeches pocket! Stephen Plum, I hope you don't mean to discharge such fearful expressions in the hearing of Lady Leatherbridge.

Ste. Bless you, no; before them female nobbs my grammar 'll be as right as a trivet.

Jas. Female nobbs!—right as a trivet! Stephen, Stephen, the sad truth is, you've got no elevation of soul! look at your associates—that familiar, illiterate fellow, Toby Twinkle, in particular.

Ste. Don't abuse Toby, dad; why, he's the life and soul of the mill—we should all go to sleep if it wasn't for Toby Twinkle; besides, he'd lay down his life a dozen times over to serve me, I know he would.

Jas. That's very attentive of Mr. Twinkle, very; but though you may be very great cronies *in* the mill, you might drop his acquaintance *out* of it.

Ste. What, cut Toby Twinkle; why the poor fellow would break his heart! No, no, my friendship is no respecter of places—in the mill and *out* of it—alone or afore company I'll take Toby by the hand, for I love him, dad, almost as much as I love my own brother.

Jas. Ah, Stephen Plum, you'll live and die in cotton.

Ste. I hope so; I mean to stick to cotton as long as cotton sticks to me.

Jas. (*taking cotton off his coat*) Cotton sticks to you too much, Stephen Plum—

Ste. I wish you'd stick to cotton, dad! and get rid of all these fine new silk and satin notions of yours. The idea of your idling away your time, studying *parlez vous* Fransy! and then getting that whacking looking-glass, where I seed you making great ugly faces at yourself; don't say you didn't, 'cause Toby and I caught you at it t'other morning—how we did laugh, surely—ho—ho—ho!

Jas. What you are pleased to call great ugly faces, sir, were postures and smiles to receive my guests, and look at the result!—behold the transmogrified Jasper Plum!—passed into the state of butterfly out of the state of grub!

Ste. A butterfly, you? I say, dad, don't you feel a little stiffish about the wings?—Ho—ho—butterfly and grub!—Lord love you, if it pleases the old heart of you, *you* can turn and be a *butterfly* "*born in a bower*," but I mean to *grub* on as heaven made me. (*suddenly serious*) Look you, dad, winter and summer, *in* work and *out* of work, I can manage to keep 500 cotton spinners—families and all, a matter of 2,000 poor creatures—and every man, woman, and child among 'em has helped to make us rich; for my part, I can't lift a bit to my mouth, but I ask myself if any of their's be empty. No, no, I must live and die among 'em; but what need to tell *you* so?—don't they love you, and you love them as dear, as dear can be?—bless your old heart, I know you do. (*wipes his eyes*)

Jas. (*aside and affected*) The monster isn't quite a monster all over.

Fred. (*without*, R. U. E.) Bring everything into the hall.

Jas. Here's Frederick William.

Enter FREDERICK, R. U. E.

Fred. (C.) Ah, father, good morning! Another to you, Stephen! (*shaking hands heartily*)

Ste. (L.) Well, and another to you, Freddy.

Jas. (R.) Frederick William, where *have* you been. Ah! I see—presents for your lovely bride.

Fred. (C.) Just received by the express train—a rather costly collection!

Jas. (R.) Quite right! let the cost and the taste be worthy of the Plums!

Ste. To be sure. I say, Freddy, talking of the taste of the Plums, I hope there's a jolly plum-cake for the young lady.

Jas. Silence, you sensualist!

Fred. You may depend on the quality, father, everything was selected by my friend, Sir Arthur Lassell, whose exquisite *goût* is proverbial.

Jas. (R.) His friendship, my dear boy, does you honor.

Fred. (C.) To him I owe my success in London last winter—in short I am under infinite obligations to my friend Arthur.

Ste. (L.) E'es, I'm told your *friend* Arthur helped you to get rid of £1,200 in a couple of months! I call that doing the tidy, dad!

Jas. Doing the tidy!—doing the noble, sir. Of course Sir Arthur will be here to add lustre to your wedding?

Fred. He tells me I may certainly depend on him.

Enter HARRIS, R. U. E.

Har. Here be Maister Totherside, the lawyer, from Lunnon, says he wants to see Maister Plum partickler.

Jas. Bring him to my study, you Hottentot!

(exit HARRIS, R.)

Her ladyship's attorney! When I touch the bell, come to us, Frederick William, to put the last stroke of the pen to the jointure; meanwhile, *do* endeavor to give that unfortunate brother of yours some idea how to behave *comme il faut* before the ladies—(solemnly to STEPHEN) *Comme il faut*, sir!

(exit, R. U. E.)

Ste. Well, Freddy, and so I'm going to see your high-born lady at last, eh? Do you know I feel in a bit of a twitteration?

Fred. (R.) There is no need for it, Stephen—Valeria is as amiable as she is beautiful. I may well be vain of her partiality—I, who have nothing but fortune to offer her.

Ste. Then I should say you are well matched, for I'm told she have got nothing but *title* to offer you!

Fred. But think how *title* helps fortune to move on in life!

Ste. No doubt on't; but it do seem to me that without fortune, *title* can't move on *at all*.

Fred. But *title* commands fortune, by extending connection; for instance, my friend Sir Arthur, has already hinted at the possibility of my obtaining some diplomatic appointment at a foreign court—I own the prospect warms me—

Ste. Well, there be no accounting for tastes; as for me, give me a cottage and a sanded floor in Old England afore all the foreign courts in the world.

Fred. Ha, ha! now, my dear Stephen, you must be influenced by the great change in our family position; you will, I'm sure, forsake these habits of life—leave off personal labor—receive company—see the world—and some day or other who knows but you may marry as advantageously as I?

Ste. Who?—me!—you be joking.

Fred. Far from it. Think of a wife with a title and a coat of arms—

Ste. Well, if you *will* have me talk serious, I must tell you Freddy, I want no title with a wife but the title of a fond and faithful woman; and to get such a one, I could manage to do without a coat of arms—or without arms to my coat for the matter of that.

Fred. By-the-bye, Stephen, I hope the whispers I hear among the factory people are untrue.

Ste. What d'ye mean? What whispers?

Fred. That there is a certain black-eyed girl amongst them—and that you spoil many a reel of cotton by looking at her eyes instead of your bobbins.

Ste. What need of whispering that? Martha Gibbs is the sort of girl any man might look at.

Fred. I've noticed her—a clever handsome young creature, evidently full of *savoir faire* and a perfect knowledge of the game.

Ste. Full of what, brother? She's a perfect knowledge of the

game of cotton-spinning ; and whatever that outlandish word may mean, let me tell you she's full of just that kind of stuff, that every man loves in his own sister, and honors in his own mother.

Fred. Serious, I declare ! serious faith in the virtue of a factory girl !

Ste. Yes, brother, serious faith in the virtue of a factory girl. They may talk about discovering this, and discovering that—but take my word for it, we ain't made no discovery yet like finding that poverty and virtue can walk to their humble grave hand-in-hand together. Such a girl is Martha Gibbs—oh ! I've had proof certain of that.

Fred. What ?

Ste. That's a secret, Freddy. (*looking around*) But if I tell it you, will you keep it like honor bright ?

Fred. I pledge to you my own.

Ste. Then listen. For some time gone—months now—Martha Gibbs has somehow run a good deal in my head, but bless you, I took care never to let it out. Well, Martha's an orphan, poor thing, and ain't got one friend in all Bristol ; so dad gave Martha a room in the mill to live in—just like dad, that was—well, going my rounds at night, to see lights out and all snug in the mill, I used to see a candle night after night in Martha's room long after regulation hours ; this surprised me, this did—so at last I thought of getting a-top of the opposite wing of the mill, just above her window. Well, up I get—in I look—and there I see—(*loud*) what d'ye think ?

Fred. How should I know ?

Ste. There I see her hard at work at—(*loud*) what d'ye think ?

Fred. How should I know ?

Ste. Hard at work, writing in a book afore her—presently up she gets—puts her scribbling things away in her box—locks it—slips behind her curtain, and then—(*puffs*) all dark ! Next night, the same—next night, next night, and every night, ditto, ditto, ditto—

Fred. Very strange—perhaps correspondence with a lover.

Ste. The very thing I feared—I couldn't eat, drink, or sleep for it—I couldn't live without knowing the truth ; so yesterday, while she was at work in the mill, I opened her door with my ring key—her book was on the table—I opened it, and there I read—(*loud*) what d'ye think ?

Fred. How should I know ?

(*confused noise of voices outside, L.*)

Ste. Hush ! I hear her—I know her voice within a mile—I'll tell you all by and by—(*bell rings, R.*)

Fred. My father's bell—I must leave you. Pray lose no time, my dear Stephen—and for my sake throw a little more care into

your dress to-day ; I wish to present you to my bride, as much a gentleman in aspect as you are in heart and soul.

(Exit R. U. E.—noise of voices again)

Ste. Martha's voice again and Toby's too—and both flinging along this way ! Why, what's the matter?

Enter MARTHA, L. D. F., *hurriedly, followed by TOBY, who enters with his back to the audience, sparring and hitting out violently with both hands.*

Toby. (L.) Come on! one at a time, or all at once—it's the same to me—ugh! cowards!

Ste. (R.) Why, Martha, what's the meaning of all this?

Mar. (C., *walking to and fro*) I can't speak—I refer you to Mr. Twinkle, sir. *(retires up, C.)*

Toby. (*turning and showing his nose bloody*) And Mr. Twinkle refers you to his nose, sir.

Ste. (*crosses to TOBY*) I heard angry words—something unpleasant has happened in the mill?

Toby. Yes, I got my nose broken in the mill. *(sparring again)*

Mar. (*coming down, R.*) To be insulted like this! I could cry—but I won't. Oh, I wish I was a man! *(crosses to C.)*

Toby. So do I—if it was only for five minutes—just for the sake of seeing you give them one for their nobs all around.

Ste. (R.) Insulted! You Martha?

Mar. (C., *suddenly*) Mr. Stephen Plum, I'd be obliged to you if you'd pay me my wages and let me leave the factory this very day—*(as if relieved)* there!

Toby. (L., *imitating*) There.

Ste. (R.) Leave the factory? you, Martha? No, no.

Mar. (C.) You can't stop me—you have no claim on me.

Ste. No claim, Martha, but the claim of wishing to be a friend to you—that's all, Martha. Have you any thing to complain of against me?

Mar. No, indeed no; you have been a kind master—but that makes no difference. I want to go away—I *will* go away, sir.

Ste. But why?—why, Martha? What have they done to you, and who has done it?

Mar. Nobody has done it—everybody has done it—except Toby. *(taking TOBY's hand kindly)*

Toby. You hear?—"except Toby." You'll be good enough to bear that important fact in mind—"except Toby."

Ste. Nobody, everybody! What do you mean? Now do tell me, there's a dear—I mean there's a good girl—if you've got the smallest bit of regard for me.

Mar. But I *havn't* the smallest bit of regard for you, and so I told them all—didn't I, Toby?

Toby. That you certainly did. (*to STEPHEN*) I'll do her justice to say she emphatically told them all, individually and collectively, that she didn't care that about you. (*snapping his fingers*)

Ste. You will drive me crazy between you presently. It's clear, Martha, you've been insulted in the factory—only let me get in among 'em!

Toby. Oh, I've been in among 'em already. I didn't stop to count how many I had killed, because when I got this crack on my nose, it suddenly occurred to me that I'd had enough of it!

(*STEPHEN indicates that he will punish them*)

Mar. Besides, sir, that would only make 'em worse. No, if you *must* know, you shall hear it all from me—at least I'll *try* and tell you. Well then, ever since this marriage of Mr. Frederick's has been talked about, there's been a dead set made at me. "Oh, oh!" says one; "Mr. Frederick's going to be married, eh?"—"So's Mr. Stephen too," says another; "and then what will become of *somebody* not far off, that's been fool enough to listen to him?" says a third—and then they all look at *me*, and look in such a way—don't they, Toby?

Toby. Yes—this sort of thing. (*leering*) There's old Sarah White in particular. Sarah's only got one eye, and that squints—so you may imagine the peculiar expression that Sarah throws into that one eye!

Mar. I couldn't bear it. "What do you mean?" I said—"What's Mr. Stephen to me? I don't care for Mr. Stephen"—I *don't* care for you, Mr. Stephen, do I?—"and Mr. Stephen don't care for me." You don't do you?

Ste. (*bothered*) Why —

Mar. To be sure, now and then, when I've been dressed in my best, you've told me I was a smart girl, or something of that sort, just in your good tempered way; but as for thinking twice of a poor girl like me—you don't, do you? (*loud*) Why don't you say no?

Ste. (*bothered*) Why, Martha—

Mar. I see you don't, and I told 'em so—didn't I Toby?

Toby. You did.

Mar. And then they were cruel enough to say I was nothing but—I *can't*—I *won't* tell you that.

Ste. (*furious*) I know what they said—they said—

Mar. (*stopping him*) You do *not* know what they said because—you *couldn't* repeat it.

Ste. The foul-mouthed villains!

Toby. Cold blooded ruffians—old Sarah White in particular.

Mar. I shall leave the mill with a full heart—a very full heart. I thank you for all your goodness to me, Mr. Stephen—but it's my *duty* to go, and go I will.

Ste. No, don't say so, Martha. Do you think I'll let you go—

a first-rate spinner like you? Besides don't I know? haven't I read —

Mar. Read! what have you read?

Ste. Why—I've read—your character, to be sure: that's all, Martha. And now, at any rate, say you'll stop at the mill till to-morrow.

Mar. Well, I'm sure I wouldn't, if I could help it, disturb a happy day like this; besides, I long to see the Lady Valeria, whom I once knew so well, and haven't met for so long.

Ste. *You* knowed her ladyship, Lady Valeria?

Mar. We once lived and loved like sisters; my poor father was one of the late Earl's gamekeepers —

Toby. A gamekeeper? Do you know I never see a gamekeeper with his gun and his double-barrelled dog, that I don't envy him?

Mar. He died by the shot of a poacher—

Toby. Oh, that alters the case materially. *(retires up, L.)*

Mar. Lady Westendleigh took my mother and me to the hall, fed, clothed, educated me, and made me Lady Valeria's playfellow—Oh, that I could live or die to show my love and gratitude for that woman! but she died young—my poor mother soon followed her—the Earl took his daughter to London, and I went out to factory work—*(bell rings, R.)*—your father's bell! good day Mr. Stephen.

Ste. Good day, Martha. I say, Martha, we may as well shake hands, no great harm in that—*(takes her hand)*—that's as it should be. Don't forget—no going away Martha—what should I do without you?—I mean, what would you do without me?—no, I mean what should we do without each other?—no, no—I don't know what I mean—but I *shall* know afore to-morrow, and so shall you. Good bye, Martha—why, I don't believe we shook hands, after all.

Mar. I don't think we did, sir.

Ste. I'm *sure* we didn't *(shaking her hand again)* There, God bless thee!

(She walks slowly to L. E., turns; their eyes meet, and she exits rapidly, L. E.)

Lord, Lord, how I do love that girl!—and now Toby, tell me, have you done as I told you—have you watched her narrowly? Do you think Martha cares for me?

Toby. *(R.)* Well, the result of my observation hitherto induces me to assert, without the fear of contradiction, that I havn't come to any decided opinion upon the subject whatever.

Ste. *(L.)* You don't think—she—loves another?

Toby. I'm sure she don't, except *me*; and, of course, no woman can see so useful and ornamental an article as a nose disfigured in her defence, as mine has been, without feeling an intense interest in the man whose property that nose is.

Ste. Pshaw!—I'd give—I don't know what, to know if Martha cares for me—

Toby. (*suddenly*) Then I'll tell you, and not only that, but I'll tell you if you'll be married—*when* you'll be married—*where* you'll be married—how many children you'll have—how many boys, how many girls—in short, all about you for as many years to come as you think proper to mention.

Ste. Ha! ha! I forgot, Toby, that you call yourself a bit of a conjuror.

Toby. You may laugh, Mr. Stephen, but I have an inward conviction that in taking to cotton spinning I mistook my calling, and that I was born to be a necromancer.

Ste. Ah, just because you went and see'd some conjuring chap at the playhouse six months ago—

Toby. Conjuring chap! don't speak in that disrespectful way of the wizard Jacobs, if you love me! Ah, that Jacobs! I doat upon that Jacobs! the style in which he smashed people's watches, and changed silver pencil-cases into guinea-pigs! and then to see him lay eggs!—I shall never forget his laying eggs! I could think of nothing else—it quite haunted me—in short, I did nothing but lay eggs all night long for weeks and weeks together—from that moment I fancied myself a wizard—

Ste. Ha! ha! and you're really silly enough to fancy that you can foretell—

Toby. Anything and everything; consequently, when anybody wishes to know anything, I say to him, as I do to *you*. Take a card!—(*presenting pack*)

Ste. Pshaw! my mind's made up, I can't live without Martha; and here comes dad; so I'll strike while the iron's hot!

(*retires up, L.*)

Enter JASPER, R. U. E.

Jas. (R.) All's done—the papers are signed—the factory folks are perfect in their parts *out* of doors—the servants are perfect in their parts *in* doors—I flatter myself the Plums will come out rather strong to meet the Leatherbridges—(*seeing TOBY*)—Holloa! and pray, sir, what do you want here?

Toby. (L.) Do you particularly wish to know?

Jas. I do.

Toby. Then take a card. (*presents pack*—JASPER drives him to L., he goes out, L. E. in flat)

Ste. (*coming down, L.—aside*) Now for it—(*plaintively*)—Dad!

Jas. (R.) You still here, and not dressed yet! Stephen, Stephen, is it your wish to drive me crazy?

Ste. I'll do that or anything else to make myself agreeable to dad, because I want dad to make himself agreeable to *me*; I want to tell dad a secret—I'm in love —

Jas. In what?

Ste. In love! and I don't mind to tell you *another* secret—it's with a woman!

Jas. In love with a woman!

Ste. Yes, and now you're in for it, I'll tell you a *third* secret—I want to marry her off-hand directly.

Jas. The boy's mad!—his brother's marriage has got into his head and turned it!—you marry? and marry a woman, too?—what next, I wonder?

Ste. Don't be angry, dad, I only want a wife of my own, like my father before me: so you'd very much oblige me if you'd just name the time and keep it.

Jas. (R.) Indeed! before I name the *time*, sir, perhaps you'll condescend to name the woman.

Ste. (L.) Ah! now comes the squeeze! I say, dad, you see that hook atop of the ceiling—that's just where you'll jump to, when you hear who 'tis. Well, then, the woman I love, and want to marry is—Martha Gibbs. Now, don't jump! (*holding JASPER down*)

Jas. Martha Gibbs—ha, ha, ha,—come, I like this—there's some character about such damnable audacity—it tickles one to have one's hair stand on end!—Degenerate offspring, do you want to be the death of the house of Plum?

Ste. Quite t'other thing, dad; I shouldn't wonder if I put a deal of new life into the house of Plum.

Jas. And do you think I'll ever sanction such an alliance for a son of mine? Never, never! The voice of all your ancestors exclaims, Never! never!

Ste. Then I wish my ancestors would just speak when they're spoke to.

Jas. Reflect, rash youth, what was this creature, Martha? a beggar asking charity.

Ste. No, she asked for wages, and paid you with hard work.

Jas. And *who* was she? I ask for her ancestry; she never had any; I ask for her parents; I don't believe she ever had any.

Ste. Never had a father and mother? Then warn't she a clever girl to manage to do without?—ho, ho, ho!

Jas. Reflect like a man, sir, and don't laugh like a horse. I'll turn that intriguing hussy, Martha Gibbs, out of the house this very day.

Ste. (*agitated*) Stop, dad, you *don't*—you *can't* mean that?

Jas. I *do* mean that, and I'll do it.

Ste. (*sorrowfully*) No, you won't; you may save yourself the trouble *now*, and the pain *afterwards*. Martha has given notice, she means to quit the factory to-morrow morning.

Jas. A pleasant journey to her!

Ste. (*assuming a tone of determination*) I hope so, 'cause I go along with her.

Jas. What did you say, sir?

Ste. I go along with her.

Jas. You, Stephen—go and leave—Oh, Stephen! (*affected*)

Ste. Perhaps it's best it should be so; long's the day I've seen my father and brother are ashamed of me.

Jas. Stephen Plum!

(*reproachfully*)

Ste. And you'd have me marry a fine lady who'd be ashamed of me, too; but I won't—so if you won't have us near you, why Martha and I must love you far away, and so shall our children—far away—

Jas. (*affected*) Well, I'll reflect—let me have time to reflect.

Ste. That's but fair; I'll give you lots of time.

Jas. (*aside*) That's a comfort!

Ste. (*looking at watch*) I'll give you five-and-twenty minutes.

Jas. Eh?

Ste. Well, I don't mind making it half an hour; now mind, in thirty minutes I'll return for your yes or no. If it's "No," I must pack up my carpet bag, 'cause I can't go into the wide world without a change of linen—

Jas. I shall run distracted (*shouts without*, R. U. E.) Ah, those shouts; their ladyships at last! Now, Stephen Plum, if you've any lingering love for your half-expiring father, mind your manners; say as little as possible; and above all, go and put on your new clothes: don't let the ladies see you in undress. (*runs out at* R. U. E.)

Ste. Let the ladies see me undressed? I don't mean to.

(*shouts without*, R. U. E.)

Enter the Factory WORKMEN, with TOBY at their head, all with large wedding favors, L. E.; LADY LEATHERBRIDGE, escorted with immense formality by JASPER, then FREDERICK and LADY VALERIA; SERVANTS in rich liveries preceding, R. U. E.; STEPHEN hides amongst the WORKMEN L.

Ste. (*L. aside to TOBY*) I say, Toby, just look at dad; ain't he doing the polite to the old lady?

Jas. My august Lady Leatherbridge—my lovely Lady Valeria—I can only say—that is—I—

Ste. I say, Toby, there's dad stuck fast already.

Fred. (*R. C.*) My dear Valeria, how can I express my thanks to you for waiving form, and consenting to proceed to church from my father's factory?

Val. (*L. E.*) Indeed, Frederick, no trace of a factory is perceptible; every object around blends costliness and taste. (*JASPER bows to the ground; FRED. and VAL. cross to R., at back*).

Lady L. (*crosses to C.*) Oh, quite so, and then I quite long to see your people at work, it must be quite a curiosity to see people work, especially when one has never done anything in the world one's self.

Ste. (*aside*) D'ye hear that, Toby? Never did anything in the world herself?

Toby. (L.) I wonder how she set about it.

Fred. (R.) Your ladyship will gratify our workmen by your condescension; they have decorated the factory in expectation of your visit.

Lady L. (C.) Well, that's very civil of them; I should like to reward them; to distribute some beer, some cheese, and some bread among them, and then I should like to have them scramble for some copper coin; I wish to make a suitable return for the pretty feeling they've got up!

Ste. (L.) Feeling they've got up! I can't stand the like of that! back me up, Toby.

Toby. (L.) I will.

Ste. (L., *advancing, with TOBY close to him*) You'll excuse me, my Lady—

Toby. Yes, you'll excuse us, my Lady Leather—(*aside to STEPHEN*)—What's her name? Leatherbreech—?

Ste. Ho, ho, ho.

Jas. (L. C., *aside to him*) Stop that infernal laugh—

Toby. (*aside to STEPHEN*) I say, if his lordship was like her ladyship, what a funny old pair of Leatherbreeches they must have made between them.

Jas. (L. C.) Now, Stephen, if you *must* speak to her ladyship try and speak like a gentleman!

Ste. (*crosses to C.*) I will. (*to LADY L.*) Excuse me, ma'am, but in these parts it's our way to pay working folks for *work*, and not for *feeling*; but seeing you never did nothing in the world yourself, we compute it to your ignorance, ma'am!

Lady L. (R. C., *looking at him through her eye-glass*) Who is that? What is that?

Jas. (R. C.) What is it—why—(*turning STEPHEN over to L.*)—it's a sort of—but your ladyship needn't mind *what* it is.

Fred. (*crosses to L. C., taking STEPHEN by the hand*) This, madam, is my father's eldest son, my dear brother, Stephen.

Toby. (L.) Yes, my lady, these are the two chickens, and that's the old cock.

(*pointing to JASPER, who indignantly silences him*)

Lady L. (L. C.) That a brother of yours, Frederick? the information was needed; I should never have guessed it.

Fred. (L. C.) Yes, madam, and a brother I am proud to own; his industry and talent have doubled the productiveness of this large establishment, and if our workmen are the best in the coun-

try, it is because they work to show their love for Stephen Plum!
(*placing his hand on STEPHEN'S shoulder*)

Toby. (L., *enthusiastically*) Three cheers for Stephen Plum!
(*cheers*)

Jas. (*crosses to L., at back*) I must get rid of this fellow. (*aloud*) Here, Toby, go into the refreshment room and see if everything is ready. (*driving him to R. U. E.*)

Lady L. Do, it will be an occupation, at any rate; and I require a little amusement.

Toby. (*coming down*) You do? then I flatter myself I can accommodate you! (*taking pack out of his pocket, and presenting it to LADY L.*) Take a card!

(JASPER *drives him off, R. H.*)

Martha. (L., *who has entered a short time before, and has joined the factory people, approaching and looking at VALERIA*) Yes! 'tis she! and how beautiful she's grown!

Ste. (L. *seeing her*) Ah, Martha! come here and have a talk with your old friends.

Mar. Oh no, Mr. Stephen, I dare not.

Jas. (C., *in a threatening tone.*) No, you'd better not. (*aside*). Now, then, to astonish the house of Leatherbridge. (*aloud*) Frederick William, isn't your friend the baronet arrived?

Lady L. (*coming to L. C.*) The baronet? What baronet?

Jas. An illustrious friend of Frederick William's who has promised to grace his nuptials!

Lady L. (L. C.) A man of family! we'll await him, of course; meanwhile we'll accept your arm, Plum, to the refreshments—come, Valeria.

Val. (R., *crossing to back*) Nay, aunt, I prefer the refreshment of a little repose; I will await your return here. (*takes off her bonnet, and retires up R., MARTHA advances to receive it*) What do I see? is it possible? yes, it is Martha Gibbs—my friend and play-fellow, dear Martha!
(*bringing MARTHA down, L.*)

Lady L. And pray who is Martha? and who is Gibbs?

Jas. (R., *trying to intercept*) Nobody whatever—

Ste. There you're wrong dad—Gibbs is Martha, and Martha is Gibbs.

(STEPHEN *retires up L., and crosses to R., at back*)

Val. (L., *to LADY L.*) The child of the poor woman your ladyship has so often heard me speak of.

Mar. (L.) Yes! (*to LADY V.*) The poor woman whom your mother sheltered and relieved—the poor child, fed, clothed, and educated by your bounty—oh, how happy I am that you have not forgotten me!

Val. I am glad to find that you have not forgotten me, Martha—

Mar. No—one may forget the good one does, but not the good

that's *done* to *us*—oh, no! Forgive me if I weep—my heart's so full!

Ste. (*aside*) Poor tender-hearted lamb!

Jas. (R. C., *aside*) The sly young crocodile!

Lady L. (L. C.) Now you mention it, I have a sort of recollection about somebody, or something or other, but my nerves won't bear anything like sentiment; there is nothing in the world so unwholesome as sensibility—so once more, Plum, your arm to the refreshments.

Enter TOBY, R. U. E.

Toby. The eatables and drinkables are ready; there's lots of 'em, and what's more, they're as good as they look! I happen to know it, because I've tasted 'em all!

Ste. (R., *aside to* JASPER) Recollect, dad, about Martha; you've only got ten minutes left.

Jas. Begone, Sirrah—begone to your toilette. *Allez vous en* to your new clothes. (*to servants*) Lead the way to the refectory—Madam, the honor—(*hands* LADY L. *out at* R. U. E., WORKMEN *shout, and exeunt at* L. E. *in flat*)

Ste. (R., *aside*) I say Freddy, you know silk from worsted, you do. (*looking at* VALERIA) Ecod, if you don't mind my having a buss at her, bless you, *I* don't.

Fred. (R.) Hush! the moment she's mine you shall. Dear Valeria, let me prevail on you to take refreshments.

toSte. Yes do, ma'am—just a mouthful of something and a glass ale—

forVal. (L. C.) Thank you, gentlemen; but do not think me rude I prefer to be left alone with my old playfellow, Martha.

Ste. (R.) You can't do better, ma'am—a chat with Martha will rat your heart good. Come, Freddy, do you go and learn the doarriage Service out of the book; and I—yes, I'll go and put on y new clothes. Come along, Toby.

(Exit with TOBY, L. E. *in flat*; FRED, *kisses*

se VALERIA'S *hand and goes out*, R. U. E.

Mar. (L.) How long it seems since we parted, Lady Valeria! and to think that I should live to see you once more, and see you on your wedding morning! In a few minutes you will be the happy wife of an amiable and handsome bridegroom—for you know he *is* very handsome.

Val. (R., *coldly*) I really have thought very little on the subject. My aunt told me I was poor—that Mr. Frederick Plum was rich—that the marriage would revive the fortune of our house—that I ought not to hesitate—therefore I did not, and in less than a week the marriage was negotiated.

Mar. I must say, a week's acquaintance seems to me rather short.

Val. Ah, Martha, the formula of life, which girls of rank go through, should be better known: at a given birthday the school girl lays aside her books, to go into the world—there she soon meets a man, who seems to realize those visions of perfection we all of us indulge—she loves; but only to be told that the omnipotent voice of circumstances forbids the indulgence of her affection; another bridegroom is presented—in the wide world she has not one sympathetic bosom to confide in and weep upon—in mere despair she throws herself on his. This is the history of many a *happy* bride, that poverty envies, but should hug its rags for not resembling!

Mar. Why, Lady Valeria, what words! and what a tone! You are agitated—and I declare, a tear! (*low to her*) I am afraid there's some sad secret.

Val. No, no! 'twas but the dream of an hour—the very recollection's gone—I must think, I *will* think no more of him.

Mar. Of him? of whom? (*anxiously*)

Val. Of no one—I am the bride of Frederick, and as you say, I am happy, very happy—ha, ha!

Mar. (*aside*) She frightens me—'tis plain she loves another.

Val. Forgive me, Martha, I am grown so selfish! I talk of my own happiness, and have not even asked how I can add to yours—you who have been thrust into the world without a mother's help, without a mother's counsel—

Mar. No, not without her counsel; for the very words my poor dying mother said to me, are as fresh in my heart, as if I heard them now; and do you know, (*low*) I've found out a way to live after them.

Val. A way to live after a dying mother's counsel? Oh, tell me, tell me how?

Mar. Well, to *you*, only to you. Well then, every night in my bedroom, I write down in a little book everything I can remember of what I've said, done, and thought all day—good, bad, or indifferent, down it goes in my diary; and when I've made a clean breast of it why then I say my prayers.

Val. Indeed!

Mar. Next morning, the first thing on waking, I read what I confessed the night before; for example now, once I was what you ladies call a flirting girl; at first I wouldn't write it down; but one day it led me to do a false and heartless thing—that very night down went the whole story in my little book; next morning I didn't like to read it—but read it I *did*, again and again, day after day, and week after week, and at last when I caught myself watching myself, afraid of having such another page as that to write and read, oh, then I knew I was cured: and so, I do believe, the poor motherless, penniless, helpless factory girl has kept herself honest by keeping her diary honest too! Oh, blessings on every school

in every village of the land, and blessings on the simple words over the door, "Reading and Writing taught here!" Forgive me, don't I talk more than should be?

Val. No—and have you never been in love, Martha?

Mar. O bless you, I don't say so. I don't pretend I've never looked and said "there I could be happy," but when I know I can't get there by the lawful high road, I just shut my eyes, or look another way.

Val. I admire your courage, Martha, but you shall indulge your attachment, for henceforth it is under my protection; your master, Mr. Stephen, seems the very soul of good nature; I'll speak to him about it.

Mar. O, not for the world; you don't know—

Val. My aunt and the company are returning; we will talk further to-morrow.

Mar. (*aside*) To-morrow—alas! I shall be far away.

Company return, LADY L., escorted by JASPER and FRED., R. U. E.; STEPHEN and TOBY come in L. E. in flat, in full dress; TOBY bows all round.

Fred. (R. C.) The hour come, and Sir Arthur *not* come; we must proceed without him. (*to TOBY*) My good fellow, desire the carriages to be drawn up to the door immediately.

Toby. (R.) I fly. (*starts off; suddenly stops*)

Fred. Well, why don't you go?

Toby. I have my reasons. (*aside*) I thought the trowsers were too tight when I put them on. (*backs out at, R. U. E.*)

Ste. (L. C., *aside to JASPER*) Now, dad, you've had your good forty minutes; come, your answer about Martha.

Jas. (R.) What shall I say, unhappy old Plum that I am!

Fred. (*advancing*) Father, the plan I suggested is the only rational way of proceeding; I know Stephen's character, he will do what he threatens; let me speak to him.

Jas. Do so; I give him up. (*retires up, C.*)

Fred. (R. C.) Stephen, my father has told me all, and he consents to your marriage.

Ste. (R.) Really—truly?

Fred. On one condition.

Ste. Let's have it.

Fred. That you postpone it for three months, during which, Martha shall discontinue work and merely superintend the women; she shall live with us as one of the family, and associate with our friends at home and abroad; and if during that time her conduct prove irreproachable, and you persist in your determination, my father, I repeat, promises his consent.

Ste. Your hand, Freddy, upon the bargain—there's mine.

Fred. Meantime, he exacts secrecy—to Martha, above all.

Ste. What, mayn't I just give her a little bit of a hint, eh?

Fred. No.

Ste. Three months! Lord, Lord, don't I wish the time was come! *(retires up)*
(gate bell, R. H.)

Jas. *(to FRED.)* Your noble friend, at last.

Fred. *(running to window)* Yes, 'tis he.

Enter SERVANT, *door*, R. U. E.

Ser. Sir Arthur Lassell!

Val. *(L., starting violently, aside.)* Oh, heavens!

Lady L. *(aside.)* Arthur, here—

Enter SIR ARTHUR, R. U. E., and comes down, R.

Val. *(L., aside)* Yes, 'tis he! Oh, misery!

Mar. *(L., watching her)* Lady Valeria! why, what ails you?

Val. *(L.)* Nothing—a little faint—keep near me, Martha—

Fred. *(R.)* My dear friend, heartily welcome!—we began to despair of seeing you—allow me to present my father—*(JASPER bows to the ground; crosses to L.)*—My bride—my Lady Leatherbridge *(SIR ARTHUR crosses to L. C., and bows to all successively)*—my brother—

Toby. *(who gives him a patronising nod)* How are you?

Lady L. *(R. C.)* Sir Arthur Lassell! can I believe my eyes?

Jas. *(R., to SIR ARTHUR.)* What, you know the ladies, then?

Sir A. *(L. C.)* I have that honor—*(bowing to LADY L. R. C.)*—that unspeakable happiness—*(bowing to VAL., L., who starts violently)*

Lady L. *(aside)* Be still, little fluttering heart, be still!

Fred. 'Tis strange! I was not aware of the acquaintance.

Jas. *(R., aside)* Indeed! that, certainly, is strange.

(FRED, retires up to window)

Mar. *(L., struck by VAL's manner—aside)* She grows worse and worse, and can scarcely stand as he approaches her—this must be, is the man she loved—I am afraid loves still—I cannot, will not leave her.

Ste. *(coming down, L., aside to MAR.)* Well, Martha what say you now? You'll stay where you are, won't you?

Mar. *(eagerly, and still watching VAL.)* I will, I will—*(aside)*—to be near her in her need!

Jas. *(crosses to FRED., who comes down C.)* And now, my beloved boy, take your old father's blessing—*(embraces him)*—I've loved you Frederick, like my own life; your wife will forgive a tear or two at parting *(wipes his eyes; church bells heard at back R.; WORK-PEOPLE enter, L. E., in flat, and when STEPHEN and MARTHA exeunt, they pass across stage, looking out)* Hark, the merry bells invite us! My Lady Leatherbridge, the honor of your hand; follow, Fred-

erick, with your lovely bride. (JASPER and LADY L. exeunt at R, U. E. ; FRED. awaits VAL., L. who is apparently unconscious of what is passing ; at last he passes to C., and touches her hand : she shudders, and gives it ; SIR ARTHUR, R., catches her eye, and bows ; FRED. and VAL. go out ; STEPHEN is about to follow them, when he turns and sees SIR ARTHUR looking at MARTHA, L., through his glass ; he runs back, puts MARTHA'S arm in his, and runs gaily out with her at R. U. E. ; SIR ARTHUR, surprised at being thus left alone, turns and finds TOBY close to him.)

Toby. (after a pause, takes pack of cards from his pocket, and presents them to SIR ARTHUR) Take a card ! (SIR ARTHUR looks at him with astonishment, and exits, R. U. E., indignantly ; TOBY follows ; WORKPEOPLE laugh—shouts outside, mingled with the bells)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene—An Apartment brilliantly illuminated, large folding doors at C., showing a suite of rooms beyond similarly illuminated ; large French (casement) window at R. 3 E. ; door, R. 2 E. ; doors L. 1 E., L. 2 E., and L. 3 E. ; sofa, R. ; arm chairs, &c., table, with writing materials, L.

Enter JASPER PLUM, at C., in evening dress.

Jas. Come, I flatter myself my first assembly opens with satisfactory *éclat* ; everything I see, everything I hear, everything I touch, everything I smell appears to me to have something *distin-guishé* about it. What ho, there ! Ices for the ball-room !

Enter TOBY at door, R. 2 E., with large tray full of ices ; he is in livery.

Jas. (recognising him) Hollo ! how the devil, sir, did you get here ?

Toby. Why, being naturally anxious to witness the festivities on this occasion, and as you forgot to send me an invitation (no apologies, I forgive you), I requested permission of your son Mr. Stephen Plum, to put on the livery of the Plums. (crosses to table L., and places tray on it)

Jas. And pray sir, what is it you do ?

Toby. Why, I do the eating and drinking department ; I chose it myself, because I felt competent to do the thing well.

Jas. (R.) And pray, sir, is that all you do?

Toby. (L.) No; sometimes I vary the monotony of the thing by asking people to take cards, or to let me show 'em a little conjuring. There's one trick, especially, that I'm very fond of doing. I borrow a gentleman's purse, brimful of money, and in an incredibly short space of time I return it to him perfectly empty; and what's more, he never sees a farthing of his money again. (*he retires*)

Jas. Pshaw! (*aside*) Well thought of; I may make this fellow useful in carrying out my deep-laid plan. It's now two months since I promised that unhappy boy of mine, Stephen, that I would transfer this uneducated girl Martha Gibbs from the factory to the salon; to-night she makes her first curtsy in a ball-room—surely there *can* be but one result, her head *must* turn giddy with her sudden elevation, her vulgarity be exposed, perhaps, her integrity shaken, and Stephen be cured of his infatuation. I'll set this fellow to watch her. (*aloud*) Toby, come here. (*looking about him mysteriously; TOBY does the same*) You seem to have a good pair of eyes in your head.

Toby. Well, I hope they are, because I give you my honor they're the only ones I've got.

Jas. Listen; there is a certain person here to-night that I wish you to keep your eye upon.

Toby. Somebody you think likely to pocket the spoons?

Jas. Pshaw! in a word the individual that I wish you not to lose sight of, is your former associate in the factory—Martha Gibbs—hush!

Toby. (*aside*) What's in the wind now? (*loud*) Ah, yes; by-the-bye, sir, the mill folk say that Martha has become quite a grand lady.

Jas. That's the point! I wish to know whether she makes a proper return for the kindness I have shown her; you will, therefore, watch her closely, and if you perceive the slightest levity of manner, or the most trifling want of decorum in her conduct, inform me instantly.

Toby. Of course I will. (*aside*) Of course I wont; I know a trick worth two of that. (*going to table and taking tray*)

Jas. And now, Toby, take that load of pine-apple ice into the ball-room, and present an ice to each lady at the end of the Polka.

Toby. The Polka! O don't talk about it. (*dancing the Polka, and ending with a Pirouette, nearly upsetting the tray*)

Jas. Zounds! be quiet—and mind you give it with a grace—I hope you give ice with a grace, Toby?

Toby. No, sir, I generally give it with a spoon.

Jas. Pshaw! this is the sort of thing I mean. (*takes tray, and presents it with a low bow to TOBY*)

Toby. (*takes ice, and eats it*) Thank you.

Jas. Hollo—hollo, sir.

Toby. Well, I don't mind if I do—(*takes some cake; eats*) there, that'll do for the present; and now I'll go and take a stroll in the ball-room. (*going*)

Jas. Stop, sir, and take your infernal tray along with you—(*gives TOBY the tray*)—and, Toby, be sure you present an ice to Lady Leatherbridge, spoon and all—

Toby. (R.) What, the old lady with a sort of a yellow towel tied ever so many times round her head? I've given her nine already; she wanted another just now, but I wouldn't let her have it. (*going*)

Jas. One word more, Toby; if you should have to announce any one of my guests, Sir Arthur Lassell for instance, mind you do it properly.

Toby. O, I know! (*announcing*) Here's Mr. Sir Arthur Lassell.

Jas. That's not it at all. (*announcing*) Sir Arthur Lassell, you blockhead! Now, go along. (*as TOBY goes toward C., SIR ARTHUR enters C. from L., meets him, and is about to take ice off tray*)

Toby. (*turning away*) Well, I think you might have waited till I asked you. (*turning to JASPER, and very loud*) Sir Arthur Lassell, you blockhead! (*exit C. and L.*)

Jas. Ah, Sir Arthur at last.

Sir A. I beg to apologise, my dear Plum, but Lord Downing, my uncle, arrived at Clifton but two hours ago—hence my detention.

Jas. The Cabinet Minister! my dear Frederick William's patron, who so condescendingly attached him to a diplomatic mission to St. Petersburg, and sent him off fifteen days after his marriage; and all, thanks to *your* influence, *your* solicitations—generous man! This devotion to the interests of the Plum family is only the more intensely gratifying, proceeding as it does from the observed of all observers—a man who has turned half the female heads in the neighborhood. (*aside to him*) I'll be bound, you've got half a dozen little love affairs on your hands at this moment.

Sir A. You are wrong. (*coolly*) It is the great moral principle of my life never to exceed *two* attachments at the same time.

Jas. Only two at a time! Conscientious man! Sportsmen say, however, when you flush a covey, aim only at *one* bird.

Sir A. (R.) That rule depends upon the game—it holds good with partridges, not women. Listen; profess love to two women, and you convert them into rivals; jealousy begets competition, and I need not tell a man of business, that competition always benefits the buyer.

Jas. (L.) Ingenious creature! and I'll be bound you have put your principle into practice with enviable success, eh?

Sir A. Tolerably so, and *entre nous*, rather effectively at this moment.

Jas. Indeed! let me hear: great creature, let me hear.

Sir A. You are irresistible, my dear Plum. Well, then, one of the ladies in question I got acquainted with about two years ago at Ramsgate; one day during my morning ride I saw a runaway carriage making for the bank of the cliff; putting spurs to my horse, I succeeded in stopping a career that in a few moments would have been fatal—

Jas. To the carriage?

Sir A. Including the lady.

Jas. O, I see—your heroine No. 1.

Sir A. Precisely; of course, my acquaintance was solicited, and the romance promised the most interesting results, but, unluckily, my uncle insisted on my visiting the Continent—resistance or delay was impossible; however, on my recent return to England, I accidentally met the lady again and although there are now other claims upon her, which she chooses to fancy sacred, I hope to supersede them by means of the *other* heroine of the story.

Jas. The other? oh, I remember—No. 2.

Sir A. Exactly; a very noticeable little creature, indeed, who voluntarily throws herself in my way; of course she must be indulged, especially as she serves my projects with the other.

Jas. Poor little No. 2! I'm afraid you'll sacrifice her to No. 1.

Enter VALERIA at C. from L., exclaims "Ah," on seeing SIR ARTHUR. She is immediately and rapidly followed by MARTHA.

Do you know I'd give the world to see this No. 1 and No. 2?

Sir A. A little patience and perhaps you may. (*seeing VAL., R.; seeing MAR., L., smiling and looking at each in turn, aside*) Here's one, and there's the other!

Mar. (*aside*) Yes, he's here; I felt sure of it.

Jas. (C.) What do you want, Martha?

Mar. (L., *assuming naïveté*.) Nothing, I only wanted a rest in here; it is so hot in there!

Jas. (*aside*) "Rest in here! Hot in there!" Poor Stephen! that ever a son of mine should marry such language as that! By the by, Martha, don't forget that my son Stephen and I have business early in the morning at Gloucester; we shall start the moment the ball is over; you had, therefore, better retire early, in order to be stirring when factory work begins.

Mar. Very well, sir. (SIR A. *shows that this arrangement has not escaped him*)

Sir A. (R., to LADY V.) Allow me to reconduct you to the ball-room, (*aside to her, and earnestly*) I must speak to you alone—hush! we are observed. (*loud*) We shall see you presently, my dear Mr. Plum? (*conducts LADY V. out at C. and L.*)

Mar. (L., *aside*) Again together! (*about to follow*)

Jas. Heyday, Miss Martha, is that the way you take "a rest in here, because it is so hot in there?"

Mar. (*not minding him and still looking after SIR A.*) He leads her to a retired part of the room—she leans on him for treacherous support—I'll part them at every risk, in spite of him—in spite of herself. My dear departed mistress, help me to save your child!

(Exit C. and L.)

Jas. Well, somehow or other I begin to feel a horrible suspicion that my exceedingly deep-laid plan against Martha will turn out excessively shallow.

Enter LADY LEATHERBRIDGE *hastily* C. from L.

Lady L. The bold impertinent minx! (*walking to L.*)

Jas. Her ladyship, and apparently in a devil of a passion. (*following her*)

Lady L. The pert, presumptuous hussy!

Jas. (*still walking after her*) You seem agitated; I dread to inquire the cause. Havn't they given you enough to eat and drink?

Lady L. (L., *suddenly turning upon him; JASPER jumps away*) Eat and drink, man! Do you think I'm a woman to be influenced by confectionery? besides, I've partaken copiously of everything.

Jas. (*aside*) I begin to suspect she has. (*loud*) What *is* the matter?

Lady L. (*loud and suddenly; JASPER jumps away*) Plum! listen. There is a certain young woman, an inmate of your house, report says the affianced bride of your eldest son.

Jas. (R.) I blush to confess it; but only conditionally, on the condition solely of her exemplary conduct.

Lady L. (L.) 'Tis on that point I wish to speak. (*loud again*) Plum! do you sleep with your eyes open?

Jas. Never!

Lady L. Because when awake you certainly keep them shut, or you would have perceived long ago the palpable designs of this girl Martha upon Sir Arthur Lassell.

Jas. Eh, what?

Lady L. To-night she has made herself more conspicuous than ever—Valeria and I have been equally annoyed by her—Sir Arthur can't speak to me but Martha answers—Valeria can't move towards him, but Martha is in the way—in short, her behavior is the common talk of the ball-room.

Jas. (R., *joyfully*) You don't mean it! My dear friend, your mortification gives me unspeakable pleasure, for if I can only fix this scandal upon the girl's character, I shall have the moral satisfaction of turning her out of doors!

Lady L. Indeed! then I'll undertake to furnish conclusive evidence—

Jas. Only do that, and you'll save the Plums from disgrace—my son Stephen from a coquette—Sir Arthur from a persecution—and—by-the-bye, *you* seem to take a lively interest in Sir Arthur, too—

Lady L. (*simpering*) O Plum!

Jas. In fact, it's quite clear you love him—

Lady L. O Plum!

Jas. As a mother.

Lady L. (*very loud*) Plum! Sir, I'll leave you to judge of my feelings, when I tell you Sir Arthur saved my life!

Jas. Saved *your* life, too? (*aside*) He seems to have a knack of saving ladies' lives.

Lady L. Can I ever forget that memorable morning at Ramsgate, when he arrested my runaway carriage on the very brink of the cliff, and rescued his Letitia from destruction?

Jas. Ramsgate! runaway carriage! brink of the cliff! (*aside*) Gracious powers! Sir Arthur's heroine, No. 1. Well, I must say he's not particular to a year or two.

Lady L. Doesn't the life that Arthur saved, belong to Arthur? Don't you observe his incessant attentions? Is he ever out of the house? O Plum, you know how easy it is to touch a woman's feelings.

Jas. I do—ha, ha—go along, do. (*slightly nudging her in the side; TOBY appears at C. from L., with his tray; JASPER and LADY L. look embarrassed*)

Toby. It's all right; I didn't see any thing.

Jas. Leave the room, fellow.

Enter STEPHEN, C. from L.

Toby. (*aside to STEPHEN*) I say, you'd better keep an eye upon your respected sire, because I just caught him tickling old Leatherbreach. (*exit TOBY, C. and L.*)

Ste. (*laughing very loud*) Oh, oh, oh.

Jas. (*aside*) That damned laugh again! (*loud*) Well, Stephen, I've scarcely set eyes on you all the evening. How do you like the ball, Stephen? I hope you have been happy and comfortable.

Ste. (C.) Well, I can't say much for the comfort, dad; I don't see the comfort of squeezing folks together as tight as cotton bags.

Jas. But you forget the young and lovely women, Stephen.

Ste. No, I don't; but there be such a sight of old and ugly ones among 'em. (*to LADY L.*) Now, I don't say that because of you, my Lady—

Lady L. (L.) Young man !

Jas. (R.) Stephen Plum !

Ste. (C.) Well, don't be angry—I'm a going—I've got to dance jolly old English Sir Roger de Coverley. I'd ask you, ma'am, only I'm better engaged.

Jas. Engaged? to whom?—to Martha, I'll be bound.

Ste. You've hit it.

Jas. Then I rather think you'll find that Martha has got much pleasanter company than Sir Roger de Coverley, (*looking significantly at LADY L.*)

Lady L. (*returning look*) Yes—or Mr. Stephen Plum either, I'm afraid.

Ste. (*suddenly serious*) What d'ye mean?

Lady L. (*significantly*) Nothing.

Ste. Nothing? Then I think it would be just as well to *say* what you mean. Come, dad, be as straightforward as I be; consider her ladyship here out of the way, and speak the truth. What's all this about Martha Gibbs? She be as good and modest a girl as ever trod the earth.

Lady L. I really know very little about *treading* the earth, as I invariably ride; but a modest girl may be dazzled by an elegant exterior——

Jas. Flattered by attentions——

Lady L. Especially from a superior——

Jas. To whom she's inferior.

Lady L. In a word, young man, I advise you as a friend to keep an eye upon Miss Martha Gibbs.

Jas. So do I—one eye on her, and one eye on—somebody else.

Lady L. And that somebody else—Sir Arthur Lassell!

Ste. The young baronet? Martha? Ho, ho, ho! (*very loud*)

Jas. (*aside*) That damned laugh again!

Ste. Come, dad, and you, my lady, confess you've uttered a cruel calumny against a poor innocent girl, and that you be ashamed of yourselves, as you ought to be. Come, confess it—'twill do you good, both on you.

Lady L. Judge for yourself. (*points to MARTHA, who enters arm-in-arm with SIR ARTHUR; LADY VALERIA, escorted by another GENTLEMAN; male and female GUESTS, C. from L.*)

Ste. (*aside*) Together! arm-in-arm!

Lady L. (*significantly*) Ahem! (*retires to back*)

Sir A. (R. C.) Really, my good Plum, your style of doing the thing is by no means bad. (*looking round*)

Jas. (L. C., *bowing*) My style of doing the thing feels itself highly honored. (*aside to him*) By-the-by, I've taken the enormous liberty of making a discovery! I've found out who your No. 1 is.

Sir A. (*starts*) Indeed! (*aside*) I hope not!

Jas. (*aside*) I have—and what's more, I'm happy to tell you she doats on you—in a word, Lady Leatherbridge is yours! (*with great earnestness*) I happen to know it!

Sir A. (*aside*) Ha, ha! (*loud*) I see I must be cautious when the eyes of so discerning a person as Mr. Plum are fixed on me.

(JASPER bows, retires up, and joins the GUESTS, at back, SIR ARTHUR joins LADY VALERIA.)

Ste. (L., *who has been standing alone and abstracted*) I must, I will speak to her. (*loud*) Martha!

Mar. (R., *coming to him*) Yes, Mr. Stephen.

Ste. I've just two words to say to you, Martha.

Mar. Indeed!—not now—presently—during the next dance. I hope you remember you are my partner?

Ste. Oh, yes! I've no objections to make a fool of myself for once, just to please you. (*taking her hand, and earnestly*) Martha! (*observing that she is looking at SIR ARTHUR, he quietly drops her hand and turns away to hide his emotion*)

Mar. (*watching SIR ARTHUR and LADY VALERIA*) He whispers to her again! Ah, that blush! that emotion! I cannot, dare not separate them again—what's to be done? (*suddenly*) Ah! yes, it shall be so. (*loud*) Mr. Stephen.

Ste. (*approaching*) Well, Martha.

(SIR ARTHUR and LADY VALERIA, *who are talking apart, advance down Stage, R.*

Mar. You'll not refuse me a favor?

Ste. I don't think I could if I tried. What is it, Martha?

Mar. Why, that you ask your sister-in-law, Lady Valeria, to be your partner for the next dance.

Ste. (*trying to conceal his vexation*) The next dance! Certainly, Martha, if you wish it; only I thought—

Mar. That you were engaged to me. So you are—only Lady Valeria is evidently hurt at your want of attention—I see she is.

Ste. Is she though? Lord love her, I'm sure I'll dance with her till I drop, and she too!

Mar. Then make haste, ask her before she is engaged—now go. (*pushing STEPHEN*)

Ste. (*approaches VALERIA, slightly shouldering SIR ARTHUR to R*) Beg pardon, baronet. Sister-in-law, I understand you want to dance with me—I mean, you understand *I* want to dance with *you*—that's it. I'm not much of a hand at it; so if you turn and twist me about too much, down I go, as sure as a gun. However, I'll do my best.

Val. (*aside*) How fortunate! I can thus avoid the interview Sir Arthur solicits. (*taking STEPHEN'S arm*) I assure you, my dear brother-in-law, I am only too happy to secure you for my cavalier.

Ste. Be you, though? then come along. (*hurries VALERIA out, pushing unceremoniously through other DANCERS, who follow them off with JASPER, C. and L.*)

Sir A. (R.) So, so! she thinks to escape me. Well, let the poor bird flutter her wings a little longer, and dream of liberty; my prize may be delayed, but is not the less secure. I'll not lose sight of her. (*here LADY L. puts her arm within his, hiding her face modestly with her fan; SIR ARTHUR annoyed goes out rapidly, C. and L., dragging her after him. Soft Music heard, L. U. E.—"Sir Roger de Coverley."*)

Mar. (*watching him out*) Once more I've parted them, and for a short time, at least, she is safe. Would that Mr. Frederick were returned; for every hour that prolongs his absence gives hope to Sir Arthur, and fear to me! (*looking off C. and L.*) Ah! what do I see? Sir Arthur again at her side! How earnestly he speaks to her! and there stands Mr. Stephen staring up at the ceiling like a great simpleton—and now, now—he starts off, dancing all by himself, and throwing the whole room into confusion. If I could but interrupt them! Ah, Sir Arthur looks this way!—sees me! shall I hesitate? No—*her* reputation must be saved though I risk my own. Perhaps a smile even from the poor factory girl will not be lost upon his vanity. (*looking off at C., and smiling*) Yes, he comes. Did he but know how I despise and hate him! (*seats herself, R.; Music ceases*)

Enter SIR ARTHUR, C., from L.

Sir A. (*aside*) I was right—she *is* here, and, of course, alone—that alluring smile couldn't be mistaken. As I have never been made love to before, I am rather curious to see how women set about it. (*takes book, seats himself at table, L., pretending to read, but keeps his eyes on MARTHA*)

Mar. (*aside*) He doesn't speak.

Sir A. (*aside*) Not a word! perhaps a step or two towards the door may assist her powers of articulation. (*rises and moves towards door, C.; meets TOBY, who appears, C. from L., with his tray*) Nothing, I thank you. (*TOBY turns and goes out, C. and L.*)

Mar. (*aside*) If he leaves me, he returns to her! (*aloud*) Sir Arthur Lassell—

Sir A. Ah, my good Martha—

Mar. I wish to speak to you; a few moments are all I ask, you will then be free to return to—another. (*with pretended emotion*)

Sir A. (*aside*) Jealous! better and better (*loud*) Another, did you say?

Mar. (*with heavy sigh*) Heigho!

Sir A. (*aside*) Poor thing! now I look at her, she's really very far from ill-looking! (*going up and taking chair, L.; TOBY again*

appears with his tray, L. 3 E. ; SIR ARTHUR sees him ; TOBY turns and goes out, L. 3 E.) Damn that fellow !

(approaches MARTHA with chair, sits, L. C.)

Mar. *(aside, and watching him)* He remains ; I thought so. *(loud)* The conversation which I ventured to interrupt, must, doubtless, have been very interesting ; at least, it appeared so—to the lady, especially.

Sir A. Nay, a mere string of ball-room commonplaces.

Mar. Why deceive me ? In *your* earnestness and *her* emotion. I read my own folly—and—its punishment. *(turns her head away with pretended emotion)*

Sir A. *(aside)* So, so. Now then, effectually to arouse her jealousy, and the victory's mine. *(about to take her hand, but stops on seeing TOBY ; who again appears at another door, R. 2 E. ; after a pause TOBY turns and goes out again, R. 2 E.)* I shall kill that man presently, I'm sure I shall ! Frankly, then, Martha—dear Martha—*(taking her hand, she shudders)*—the earnestness you observed in my manner to Lady Valeria, was the natural effect of the language I was addressing her.

Mar. *(aside)* I must and will know the worst. *(aloud)* O, Sir Arthur, think me mad, if you will, but did she—did she say—*(unable to continue : suddenly)*—What did she say ?

Sir A. *(aside)* One drop more in her cup of jealousy, and she's mine ! *(aloud)* Her reply is yet *to come (low)* I have solicited an interview to-morrow, and when the ball breaks up, should she consent to meet me, she will let the flowers which she carries in her bosom, fall to the ground.

Mar. *(imploringly)* O, promise—swear to me that you will not meet her.

Sir A. *(more boldly and earnestly)* On one condition—and on one condition only.

Mar. *(hurriedly)* Name it.

Sir A. Listen, Martha. *(about to address her in a half whisper ; sees TOBY, who appears at door, L. 2 E. ; TOBY turns and goes out again ; SIR ARTHUR watches him out ; then low and rapidly to MARTHA, pointing to window, R. 3 E.)* Yonder casement communicates with the garden ; the moment Mr. Plum and his son have left the house for Gloucester, let me find that casement open and you *here*. On that condition, and that only, I will not meet the lady.

Mar. *(shuddering)* No, no.

Sir A. As you please ; Lady Valeria may possibly be more compassionate. *(MARTHA about to speak)* Nay, I do not require your answer now ; reconsider my proposal, and when the company disperse, should you chance to feel less inflexible, recollect you have just taken your first lesson in the *significant language of flowers !* *(points to the nosegay she carries in her bosom and bows ; at this*

moment STEPHEN enters C. from L., sees him bow and stops; SIR ARTHUR going out at L. 3 E., meets TOBY, who again appears with his tray) What the devil do you want, sir?

Toby. Why, I've been waiting for a considerable time to ask you, if you'd take an ice.

Sir A. No.

Toby. Then, perhaps, you'll take a card.

Sir A. Begone, booby!

(Exit SIR ARTHUR, L. 3 E. TOBY following)

Mar. (*aside*) An interview with *him alone*! No, no, I'm not prepared for that!

Ste. (*R., as if throwing off a painful suspicion, and rapidly advancing*) Martha!

Mar. (*starting*) Mr. Stephen!

Ste. I've been looking for you, Martha, and I was told by more than one of my father's guests, that the surest way of finding Martha Gibbs, was to look for the man who has just left her.

Mar. (*L.*) Oh, Mr. Stephen, you do not, cannot suspect——

Ste. (*taking her hand*) I never *do* suspect, Martha—where I place my *love*, there I place my *trust*—and now, Martha, there's a secret—a secret that much concerns me and—somebody else, Martha—a secret that I've had locked up in my breast for these three months past, and an uncommon hard matter I've had to keep it there, surely——

Mar. A secret?

Ste. Yes—(*taking her hand, and half timidly*)—I'm—I'm going—I'm going to be married, Martha—at least, I hope so——

Mar. (*with emotion, and withdrawing her hand*) Married! you!——

Ste. Don't take away your hand, Martha, but leave it where it is—in *mine*—as a token and a pledge that you will be my wife!

Mar. Your wife! (*clasping his hand*)

Ste. My wife, Martha! Oh, it's all settled long ago; dad knows all about it, Freddy knows all about it, and soon everybody shall know all about it; in another week the three months will be out, and then—Lord! Lord! it won't bear thinking about.

Mar. The three months! what do you mean?

Ste. Why—(*with hesitation*)—you see, when I told dad how desperate fond I was of you, says he to me, "Harkye Stephen," says he, "let Martha know naught of this for three months, and if during that time she does nothing to forfeit the good character she holds, you shall be a husband, and I'll be a father to her." And now, Martha, you have my secret.

Mar. (*with a strong impulse of affection*) And you shall have *mine*—Stephen, I love you! truly, gratefully, dearly love you!

Ste. (*clasping her in his arms*) Oh, oh! I'm so happy, I don't know what I want to do most—laugh or cry. Lord, lord, what a

wedding we'll have! No fine folks in carriages—no powdered coachmen and footmen, and all that gimcrack nonsense—no, no, Martha, we'll walk to church, arm-in-arm with all the factory at our heels—five hundred of 'em—and every one with a prayer in his heart, and a blessing on his lip, for his young master and mistress. (*suddenly trying to look grave*) But don't forget, Martha, there be another week to slip away, and mind you be a better girl than ever—if that be possible.

(GUESTS *pass across from L. to R.*)

Mar. Do not fear. Do but add confidence to love, and whatever you may see, whatever you may hear, trust me, Stephen, I will be worthy of them both.

Ste. Don't I know you will? Look, there be the company breaking up. Not a word afore dad. (*retires up R.*)

Mar. I can scarce believe my happiness! A few minutes since, and I might have compromised myself and lost the greatest joy that life can give—the honest love of an honest heart! I now renounce the task I had imposed upon myself! Henceforth Lady Valeria, I can only *pray* for you.

Enter LADY LEATHERBRIDGE, LADY VALERIA, and SIR ARTHUR,
C. *from L.*

Jas. (*without, L.*) Where's Lady Valeria? Where's Lady Leatherbridge? Where's Stephen? Where's anybody?—where's everybody? (*runs in with open letter in his hand*) News! great, glorious news!

All. What?

Jas. He's here—I mean he will be here—he's come back—that is, he's coming back!

All. Who?

Jas. (C.) Frederick William! my darling son! (*to VALERIA*) Your husband! (*to STEPHEN*) Your brother!

Ste. Brother Freddy coming back—huzza!

Jas. I have just received this letter—my boy is now on his return to England—nay, may be hourly expected here.

(Exit C. and L., with LADY L.)

Sir A. (*aside*) Hourly *expected*—but not yet arrived; and I not yet defeated!

Mar. (R., *aside, and thankfully*) Her husband returns and she is saved!

Val. (L., *aside*) And is mine the only heart that feels no joy? I cannot—dare not—*will* not meet him! (*starting at seeing SIR ARTHUR'S eye fixed upon her*)

Mar. (R., *aside and observing her*) What ails her? Ah! the tempter's eye is upon her! She trembles—hesitates—life and

death, honor and shame are in that struggle! Ah! (*seeing VAL., drop her bouquet*) She's lost!

Sir A. (*aside*) I triumph! (*smiles significantly at MARTHA*)

Mar. (*under strong emotion*) She stands upon the brink of ruin! Shall I not snatch her from destruction? Yes, yes—I *will* save *her*, whose mother preserved mine! (*looks at SIR A., and drop her bouquet*)

Sir A. (*C., aside*) A double shot, egad!

Ste. (*coming down R.; picking up MARTHA's bouquet and presenting it to her*) Martha, you've dropped your nosegay. (*seeing her hesitate*) Take it, Martha. (*in a subdued tone and affectionately pressing her hand*) The next flowers you wear will be a wreath of bridal flowers.

(Exit SIR A. and VAL., C. and L.; as he is going out, SIR A. turns, looks significantly at MARTHA, and bows to her; STEPHEN notices the action and seems struck.)

Mar. (*crosses to L., aside, and shuddering*) I am sick at heart!

Ste. (*up R., to MARTHA, who seems absorbed in thought, and gently touching her arm*) Martha, the ball room be nearly empty! Martha, I say! (*MARTHA covers her face with her hands*) This agitation! This emotion! What has happened? Speak!

Mar. (*C., in high excitement*) I cannot—cannot—Stephen—(*unable to proceed*) Heaven help me! (*rushes out, L. 1 E.*)

Ste. (*a long pause*) This is strange! Very strange! She says she loves me, yet when that man returns—the very man that I've been warned against—she seems bewitched that moment! Her eyes are fixed on him, and not one look for me! And when I ask her to explain, she hides her face, runs away, and leaves me in this terrible cruel doubt. (*going to L. 1 E.*) Doubt? Did I say doubt! If I did, I ought to be ashamed of myself—for look—a light in her room and her door open—and there I see her now, sitting with her book spread afore her, and writing down all she's said, and done, and thought, with Heaven and her own conscience looking on! Oh, Stephen, 'tis the *first* doubt of her, that ever came into your heart, and let it be the *last*! Ah! she rises—shuts her book and leaves her room! She comes this way! I'll take the other passage! I must and will read what she has written! 'Twas there I first learnt her worth; 'tis there I'll seek her justification!

(Exit, L. 2 E.)

Enter VALERIA, L. 3 E.

Val. What can Martha mean? Why the mysterious tone and tenor of her words as she passed me hurriedly in the corridor? She begged, implored me instantly to meet her here—Ah! she comes!

Re-enter MARTHA, *hurriedly*, L. 1 E.

Mar. (L., *approaching VAL.*) Oh, thanks, thanks!

Val. (R., *coldly and retiring from her*) To the business before us—why have you solicited this interview?

Mar. (*with animation*) To save you from a villain—yes, lady, if his *actions* call him villain, why should my tongue do less? (*with increasing energy*) The man who cheats at cards is struck from the fraternity of gamblers as a wretch too base to mingle even with the base—but what must *that* man be, who tempts a virtuous wife to a game where *she* stakes *all* and *he* stakes *nothing*? Where she, poor cheated thing, madly lays honor, conscience, happiness, heaven itself upon an accursed chance—whilst *he* has nothing left to lose, not even his worthless character.

Val. (*aside*) Does she presume to rebuke me? (*aloud*) I beg to know the drift of this eloquent invective.

Mar. A little patience and you shall. (*aside, and looking towards window*) Not yet come! (*goes up L., and looking towards R., window*)

Val. You seem expecting some one.

Mar. Yes, madam! one who *loves me*! at least he tells me so! Ah, that noise! (*hurries to window and looks out*) My visitor is here, madam! you may, perhaps, recognise him. (*partly withdrawing curtain*)

Val. (L. *who has gone a few steps up the stage*) Sir Arthur, 'tis he!—(*to MARTHA*)—and do you presume to say Sir Arthur has asked a secret interview with you?

Mar. I do.

Val. And even pretended love to you?

Mar. I do.

Val. I'll not believe it.

Mar. You shall hear it from his own lips.

Val. Still so confident? if you prove this—

Mar. (*hurriedly*) I will—I will—but moments are precious—in, in here. (*hurries VAL. into room, R. 2 E.; the window is opened, and SIR ARTHUR looks cautiously in*)

Sir A. The window open! then Mr. Plum and his son must have left the house. Martha, are you alone?

Mar. Yes. (*aside*) How I tremble. (*leans for support on chairs looking anxiously towards the door at which VAL. has gone out; SIR A. enters then, closes window; at this moment the door, L. 3 E., is cautiously opened, and LADY L. looks in*)

Lady L. (*aside*) I was not deceived, then! O the monster! O the hussy! (*closes door again*)

Sir A. (R., *who turns and sees the motion of the closing door*) 'Tis strange! my presence seems to agitate the very doors. Again? Ah, that glance revealed a petticoat! I am watched, what but

jealousy can prompt this espionage? it *must* be Valeria. (*smiling*) Then I must change my tactics. Audacity befriend me! (*approaching MAR., and assuming a cold and constrained manner*) Martha, you will think me a strange creature, and so I am; but in the fashionable world one contracts bad habits, and does mischief without intending it. At this evening's ball, for instance, I was betrayed into a tenderness towards you, which, though in every way qualified to inspire it, it is my duty to tell you, you can never create in me. (*in a loud tone, and looking towards door, L. 3 E.*)

Lady L. (*looking out*) Noble Arthur! take that, hussy!

Mar. (*L. aside*) Have I been deceived? (*loud*) But this interview, sir—your own solicitation—

Sir A. Was eminently moral—as my explanation will prove. (*directing his speech towards door, L. 3 E.*) My dear young friend, I have long fancied I observed in you a partiality for my society; which, however flattering to my vanity, honor compels me to suppress. (*loud and pointedly*) My heart has long been exclusively devoted to a woman, whose life I had once the happiness to save!

Lady L. (*bobbing out at door*) Extatic recollection! happy Letitia! The victory's mine, and now for revenge upon that hussy! (*disappears, closing door with noise*)

Mar. (*aside, and looking towards door where VAL is*) I thought to save her, and I have completed her ruin! (*crosses to R.*)

Sir A. (*who has observed the closing of the door, L. 3 E., hurriedly approaches it, and looks out; aside*) Valeria's gone! she's mine—now for the other! A little bombast will do good here. (*hastening to MAR., and assuming a strongly contrasted manner*) Dry the tears that dim those lovely eyes, sweet Martha, and let your ear bear these reviving tidings to your heart—I love you!

Mar. (*R., aside*) What do I hear! (*aloud*) Indeed! then your love for another—

Sir A. (*L.*) Pshaw! a mere lover's stratagem to convince myself of your affection; and now, sweet Martha banish jealousy for ever, exert your empire over me, and you will find me the slave of your every wish. (*about to take her waist; gate bell, R. U. E.*) What noise is that?

Mar. (*running to window*) A travelling carriage at the door!

Jas. (*without, L.*) What, oh—John—Thomas—lights here!

Sir A. Plum's voice—the devil!

Mar. Fly—fly—by the garden—quick—

Sir A. We shall meet again—

Mar. Yes, yes—but fly—save yourself—save me! (*SIR A. hurries out at window; at the same moment VAL. staggers in door R. 2 E., pale and almost fainting; leans on chair for support, R.*)

Mar. (*running to her*) Oh, Valeria—dear Valeria—speak to me. Forgive, O forgive me, for the misery you have suffered.

Val. Forgive you, Martha? you who have taught me to loathe

this heartless hypocrite, and love the generous husband in whose face I can now presume to look—in whose arms I can now presume to seek shelter! *Forgive* you? O Martha, my endless gratitude is yours!

Mar. Speak not of gratitude—say you will love me, lady—let me be your friend.

Val. My sister! (*falling in MARTHA'S arms*)

Mar. And now, dear friend—dear sister—be yourself again. Mr. Plum has this moment unexpectedly returned—hark—he's here!

Jas. (*without*) Where's Lady Valeria?—this way—this way!
(MAR., *looks at VAL., putting her finger on her lip*)

Enter JASPER, LADY LEATHERBRIDGE, and FREDERICK, *in travelling dress, C. from L.*

Fred. (R. C.) Valeria!

(*opening his arms*)

Val. My husband!

(*rushing into his arms*)

Fred. Dear, dear Valeria! what happiness to meet again! do you not think so, dearest?

Val. (*with deep emotion, and clasping his hand in both of her's*)

Yes; indeed, indeed, I do!

(*they talk apart*)

Lady L. (R. C., *aside to him*) It's all very well, Plum, but remember you have a duty to perform. (*pointing to MAR., who is mutely expressing her joy at FRED'S return*)—There she stands; how demure the little hypocrite looks! do your duty, Plum.

Jas. (*aside to her*) You're sure of the facts?

Lady L. Quite.

Jas. Then here goes! (*aloud and assuming a serious tone*) Frederick, and you, Lady Valeria—(*motioning them to approach*)—the day of your return home, my dear boy, should have been one of unalloyed happiness to us all; but, unfortunately, it is not so!

(*looking severely at MAR.*)

Fred. (R.) Father, what mean you?

Lady L. (*aside*) Now, now comes the triumph of Leatherbridge over Gibbs!

Jas. Martha Gibbs!

Mar. (L.) Sir—

Jas. (C.) You have not been *alone* since the ball broke up. (MAR. and VAL. *exchange looks*) Late as it is, you have had a visitor!

Mar. (*without hesitation*) Lady Valeria—sir—

Jas. The visitor, I allude to, is Sir Arthur Lassell—I have proofs—you have been seen together—

Lady L. (L. C.) Yes! I am proud to say I was a listener behind that door! (*pointing to, L. 3 E.; MAR. and VAL. again exchange looks of alarm*)

Jas. (*to MAR.*) You are silent; and to think that you—you

whom I should soon, very soon have welcomed as a daughter, should have basely attempted to bring this blight upon the Plums! Lose no time in making the necessary preparations for your departure; in ten minutes you leave this roof for ever.

Mar. For ever!—oh, sir! (*bursts into tears, and hides her face in her hands*)

Val. (R., *aside*) Accused—disgraced—and for me! It must not, *shall not* be! (*aloud*) Hold, sir! (*to PLUM.*)

Fred. (R. C.) Nay, Valeria, my father is right; for all our sakes—for *your* sake especially, this unhappy girl must leave this roof; I cannot allow your character to be endangered by any further association with one so undeserving.

Mar. (*aside*) This from *him*?

Val. (*aside*) She shall not suffer for my fault. (*aloud to FRED.*) One moment, sir, and listen to me—

Mar. (*quickly*) Be silent, lady, I implore! You have heard your husband's words—(*with emphasis*) it is necessary for your reputation that I should leave this house.

Val. (*crosses rapidly, and aside to her*) Oh, Martha, you cannot think that I will suffer—

Mar. (*aside to her, and taking her hand*) Nay, Valeria—the knowledge that you are happy will comfort me when I am gone. One word more—(*with deep emotion*) there is *one* heart, besides your own, that will lament me—tell him, when I am gone, that I owed a heavy debt of gratitude to a benefactress, and—I have paid it! (*Exit, L. I E.*)

Jas. (C., *affected*) Somehow or other, I don't feel quite so indignant as I did.

Lady L. (L. C., *aside to him*) Plum, you're melting.

Jas. No—no—no; Plum is all stone again. She must, she *shall* quit the factory!

Enter STEPHEN, *hurriedly*, C. from L., followed by TOBY.

Ste. Quit the factory! Who, dad? No, no—no anger against any one, the day that my brother comes back to us. Welcome home, Freddy, a hundred and a hundred times welcome!

Fred. (R.) Dear Stephen! (*they shake hands heartily*) Ah! my good friend Toby! (*shakes TOBY'S hand*)

Toby. (R.) Yes, sir; I didn't feel inclined to go to bed; and so, for want of something better to do, I was asking myself to take cards, when I saw you arrive.

Ste. (R. C.) And now, dad, who is it that must quit the factory? (*seeing JASPER and FREDERICK appear confused*) Why, father—brother—what's the matter with you both?

Toby. (*affectionately to JASPER*) Ain't you well, sir?—And yet you didn't eat and drink so *very much* after all; if her ladyship had been poorly, I shouldn't have been so much surprised.

Lady L. Fellow!

Ste. Hold your tongue, Toby! (*seriously*) For the third time, father, who is it that must quit the factory?

Jas. You shall have your answer, Stephen Plum—the person just discharged from your father's factory is—Martha Gibbs.

Ste. (*startling*) Martha Gibbs! But why?—why?

Jas. Because I have proved her to be ungrateful to *me*, and false to *you*!

Ste. (*staggering*) False! Father, you have been deceived, some one has been imposing on your simplicity, for you know you be simple, dad—you—you've been deceived—I know—I'm sure you have! (*deeply affected*)

Jas. I wish I had, my poor boy; but her perfidy is undeniable. I have proofs, that on this spot, within this hour, she has received a lover, and that lover not Stephen Plum.

Lady L. Yes, young man.

Ste. (*violently to her*) Silence!

Fred. Stephen, it grieves me to afflict you, but Martha's permitted visitor this night was Sir Arthur Lassell.

Ste. (R.) Sir—Arthur Lassell!

Toby. (R., *suddenly*) I knew it—I expected it, from what I saw.

Ste. (R. C.) You *knew* it? (*crosses to TOBY*) What?

Jas. Speak, sir—what did you see? Did you observe any familiarity?—speak! (*anxiously*)

Toby. Well, then, I certainly must say, my constitutional delicacy was considerably shocked at witnessing the familiarity—

Jas. } (*anxiously*) Yes—yes—
Lady L. }

Toby. The astonishing familiarity between you and Lady Leatherbridge!

(JASPER and LADY L. *turn up stage indignantly*)

Ste. Ha, ha, ha! Well said, Toby! I can laugh now. I will laugh—for I see the plot against me. My father and brother would blush to see me marry an honest girl out of honest love, and they do this cruel thing to drive me mad! But I'll not go mad. Martha Gibbs shall be my wife; for she's innocent—I know it and can prove it.

Lady L. (L.) Absurd!

Ste. (*violently*) Silence, woman!

Toby. (R., *confidentially to her*) I would really advise you to put a curb on your parts of speech.

Ste. (R., *crosses to C.*) Father, come here—and you too brother. If I could show you, *prove* to you, that Martha has for some time past—years, perhaps—never laid her head upon her pillow at night, without writing down in a book everything that she had thought, said, or done, in the day that was gone—supposing, I say, that this poor girl's diary was placed in your hands, would

you, *could* you disbelieve what you found written in it? No, I'm sure you couldn't! Such a diary has Martha kept, and here it is! (*produces book and opens it*) Yes, here's the page she has just written—the ink scarce dry. I had a hard matter to find it in the dark—but though I've not read it, I know that it will justify her. Listen:—(*reading*) “During the ball to-night Mr. Stephen took me aside and told me that he loved me”—I did, dad; I let the secret out; I couldn't help it!—(*reading again*) “The next moment Sir Arthur Lassell came to me, and—and—” (*suddenly stopping*) No—no—it can't be!

Fred. Proceed, Stephen.

Ste. (*collecting himself and reading slowly*) “Sir Arthur Lassell came to me, and telling me——” (*covers his face with his hand*)

Fred. (*reading the book which STEPHEN still holds in his hand*) “And telling me he loved, too, solicited an interview, which I granted.” (*STEPHEN falls into a chair R., overwhelmed with grief*)

Val. (*snatches book out of STEPHEN'S hand, and looks at it; then aside*) Not one word that condemns, or even compromises me! Dear, generous, noble hearted girl, you have taught me my duty! (*hastens to table, L., seats herself and writes; FRED. goes to STEPHEN, and attempts to console him*)

Enter MARTHA, L. I E.; *she has changed her dress to that of a Spinner, as in Act I.; she carries an account book; JASPER crosses to R.*

Mar. (*to JAS.*) Before I leave the factory, sir, I wish to place in your hands these accounts; you will find I have kept them faithfully. (*sees STEPHEN, who, at the first sound of her voice, has looked up; their eyes meet; aside*) Stephen here, and they have told him all! I can bear their scorn, but not his sorrow!

Ste. (*putting FRED. aside, who endeavors to detain him, and advancing toward MAR.*) Martha! (*with a violent effort to control himself.*) You said to me, not an hour since, “Stephen add confidence to love, and whatever you may hear—whatever you may see—trust me, I will be worthy of them both.” What I have *heard*, Martha, I need not tell you; what I have *seen*, I must tell you! I have seen written in your diary—in your own hand, that after I had told you that I loved you, and proved that love by asking you to be my wife, Sir Arthur Lassell, “telling you he loved you too, solicited an interview, which you granted.” I now ask you, Martha, is this true? has that man been here?

Mar. (*in a subdued tone*) He has.

Ste. (*without looking at her, motions with his hand towards door c.*) O, Martha! Go! go! (*MARTHA is about to go, when she turns, takes STEPHEN'S hand and presses it to her lips; then about to go off*)

Val. (*suddenly rising and advancing to L. C.*) Hold! (*to JASPER and FRED, who are about to interfere*) One moment, I beg, Martha! (*MARTHA turns; STEPHEN retires up L., and there watches the scene*)

Val. (*L. C., resuming in a loud and decided tone*) Martha, I must not—*will not* accept your generous sacrifice!

Jas.	}	Sacrifice!
Fred.		
Lady L.		

Mar. (*eagerly to VAL.*) Oh, Madam! what are you about to do?

Val. (*C.*) My duty! These pages, the poor girl's diary, upon which you have accused, condemned, and degraded her, contained but a portion of the truth: the supplement I have supplied! (*placing the book in FRED'S hand*) Read sir!

Fred. (*R. C. aside*) What can this mean? (*reading aloud*) "Sir Arthur Lassell solicited an interview, which I granted"—

Jas. Now for the supplement. (*all appear anxious*)

Fred. In Valeria's handwriting! why do I tremble? (*reads*) "Martha granted the interview, not to indulge *her* affection, but to dispel *my* infatuation. This false friend once preserved my life, and reared upon my gratitude the base design of robbing me of all that makes life worth preserving. To save *me*, Martha tore away his mask, and exposed the features of the selfish libertine. O Frederick, to this calumniated generous girl I owe, perhaps, the precious privilege of thus asking your forgiveness!" (*turns and sees VAL. on her knees before him her face buried in her hands, unable to speak; lets the book fall and staggers to chair, R.*)

Ste. (*L.*) She's innocent—she's innocent! O my blessed girl! Ha, ha, ha, (*rushing forward, and receiving MARTHA, who sinks in his arms*)

Toby. (*R., imitating STEPHEN'S hysterical laugh*) Ha, ha, ha. (*throws his arm around LADY L.*)

Mar. (*recovering; runs to VAL. and addresses FRED.*) O sir, speak to her; her heart is almost breaking!

Fred. (*R. C., to MARTHA*) Noble girl, you are too just to urge me to my own dishonor; your *virtue* is my full security that I am not called upon to pardon guilt. (*turns to VAL. still kneeling; opens his arms*) Valeria! (*she rushes into them*) No allusions to the past—no word of reproach shall ever pass my lips!

(*SIR ARTHUR heard without, C. and L.*)

Sir A. My friend Frederick returned, say you?

Fred. (*R. C.*) Ah! the villain's voice!

Val. (*C.*) Frederick, for my sake no violence—

Ste. (*L.*) No, Freddy, no violence; I'll just chuck him out of the window, or something of that sort. (*JASPER picks up book and crosses to L.*)

Toby. (R.) Or suppose we treat him with the quiet contempt he deserves, and all pitch into him at once.

(STEPHEN turns up stage, L., and crosses to R. C., at back.)

Enter SIR ARTHUR, C. from L.

Toby. (meeting him, and bowing him down) This way, sir; I won't take your hat and cane, because I don't think your's is likely to be a long visit.

Sir A. (C. looking around the room) Quite a family party, I declare. (to FRED.) My dear Frederick, I heard of your arrival, and late as it is, hastened to congratulate you. (offering hand; FREDERICK is about to assault him, but is withheld by VAL. and STEPHEN)

Val. Frederick, I implore—

Ste. (R. C. getting between FRED. and SIR A.; to FRED.) Be quiet, Freddy, let me talk to him; if you let me talk to him, I won't chuck him out of the window—there now! (to SIR A., smiling) Yes, sir, as you say, we *be quite a family party*. There be Freddy and *his* wife, and there be me and *my* wife—(here VAL. and MAR. pointedly embrace their husbands)—and then there be dad and his new daughter, Martha.

Jas. (L., taking MAR. in his arms) Yes—the dear adopted daughter—the pride of the house of Plum!

Sir A. (C., aside) They have counterplotted and I have got the worst of it; but I'll mortify them by my unconquerable serenity. (aloud) My dear friends, I congratulate you all. (sarcastically) The ladies especially; I will intrude no longer.

Fred. (advancing) One moment, Sir Arthur Lassell. But that reflection tells me my indignation would be thrown away, rely on it I should have readily found a tongue and *weapon* to express it; you have disappointed me—even of Revenge. The man who is incapable of *Shame* is unworthy of *Resentment*. Retire, sir! Retire, unenviably, safe in the Contempt and Scorn you inspire! (points to door)

Sir A. (with perfect placidity) Contempt and scorn! Well, I rarely quarrel with expressions; indeed, it would be singularly unjust on this occasion, for I can assure Mr. Frederick Plum and the rest of this refined cotton-spinning fraternity, that I take my leave with the most profound reciprocity of feeling. (bowing low, and moving to door) Ha, ha, ha—

Toby. (R., up stage, thundering in his ear) Ha, ha, ha—

Sir A. Go to the devil!

Toby. (points to door) After you, if you please.

(Exit SIR ARTHUR, C. and R.)

Jas. (C.) Shameless to the last! (taking STEPHEN aside) Stephen, my boy, I see you were right—all that glitters is not gold!

Ste. (L., *aside to JAS.*) Gold! Lord love you, no, dad; but—(*pointing after SIR A.*)—they do work up *brass* with such a *polish*, now-a-days, it be no easy job to tell one from t'other.

Toby. (*returning down stage, R.*) Well, I'm not naturally fond of rascals, but I do like that man—he's such an out and *outer*!

Lady L. (R., *aside*) I've lost Arthur, but Plum remains. To be sure, the thing is old and the thing is ugly, but the thing has money; I'll try the thing. (*loud*) Plum! (*simpering and nodding*) Plum!

Jas. (C., *aside*) I do believe she's ogling me. Heaven preserve me! (*shakes a decided negative*)

Toby. (R., *confidentially to LADY L.*) Mr. Plum doesn't seem to cry about it, my lady; but if you'll leave me everything you've got when you're gone, and go as soon as you conveniently can, you are at liberty to propose for me.

Lady L. Faugh! (*flings out C. and L.*; TOBY follows her up stage, and returns down, L.)

Jas. (C.) We have shrunk to a narrow circle; but I begin to think that the circle of happiness is like one of your factory wheels, Stephen—all the *stronger*, the smaller the circumference! Bless you all, my children, bless you all! (FRED. passes to, R.)

Ste. (*presenting diary to MAR.*) Martha, look here—your diary—what will be your next entry in this precious book?

Mar. (L.) I hardly know. (*crossing to audience, L. C., hesitatingly*) But if on retiring, I *dared* venture to inscribe there, that we have gained the approving sympathies of the good, kind hearts around us that would, indeed, be the brightest page, the proudest line in all—THE POOR GIRL'S DIARY.

TABLEAU.

FRED. VAL. JAS. MAR. STE. TOBY.

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ACT II. SCENE AS BEFORE; time, night.—Dark clouds gathering.—Changing the jackets.—Father and son.—On duty.—A struggle for fortune.—Loved for himself.—The divided greenbacks.—The agreement.—An unhappy life.—The detective's mistake.—Arrested.—Mistaken identity.—The likeness again.—On the right track.—The accident.—"Will she be saved?"—Latour's bravery.—A noble sacrifice.—The secret meeting.—Another case of mistaken identity.—The murder.—"Who did it?"—The torn cuff.—"There stands the murderer!"—"Tis false!"—The wrong man murdered.—Who was the victim?—TABLEAU.

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ACT I. AT FORT LEE, ON THE HUDSON.—News from the war.—The meeting.—The colonel's strange romance.—Departing for the war.—The intrusted packet.—An honest man.—A last request.—Bitter hatred.—The dawn of love.—A northerner's sympathy for the South.—Is he a traitor?—Held in trust.—La Creole mine for sale.—Financial agents.—A brother's wrong.—An order to cross the enemy's lines.—Fortune's fool.—Love's penalty.—Man's independence.—Strange disclosures.—A shadowed life.—Beggared in pocket, and bankrupt in love.—His last chance.—The refusal.—Turned from home.—Alone, without a name.—Off to the war.—TABLEAU.

ACT II. ON THE BATTLEFIELD.—An Irishman's philosophy.—Unconscious of danger.—Spies in the camp.—The insult.—Risen from the ranks.—The colonel's prejudice.—Letters from home.—The plot to ruin.—A token of love.—True to him.—The plotters at work.—Breaking the seals.—The meeting of husband and wife.—A forlorn hope.—Doomed as a spy.—A struggle for lost honor.—A soldier's death.—TABLEAU.

ACT III. BEFORE RICHMOND.—The home of Mrs. De Mori.—The two documents.—A little misunderstanding.—A deserted wife.—The truth revealed.—Brought to light.—Mother and child.—Rowena's sacrifice.—The American Eagle spreads his wings.—The spider's web.—True to himself.—The reconciliation.—A long divided home reunited.—The close of the war.—TABLEAU.

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